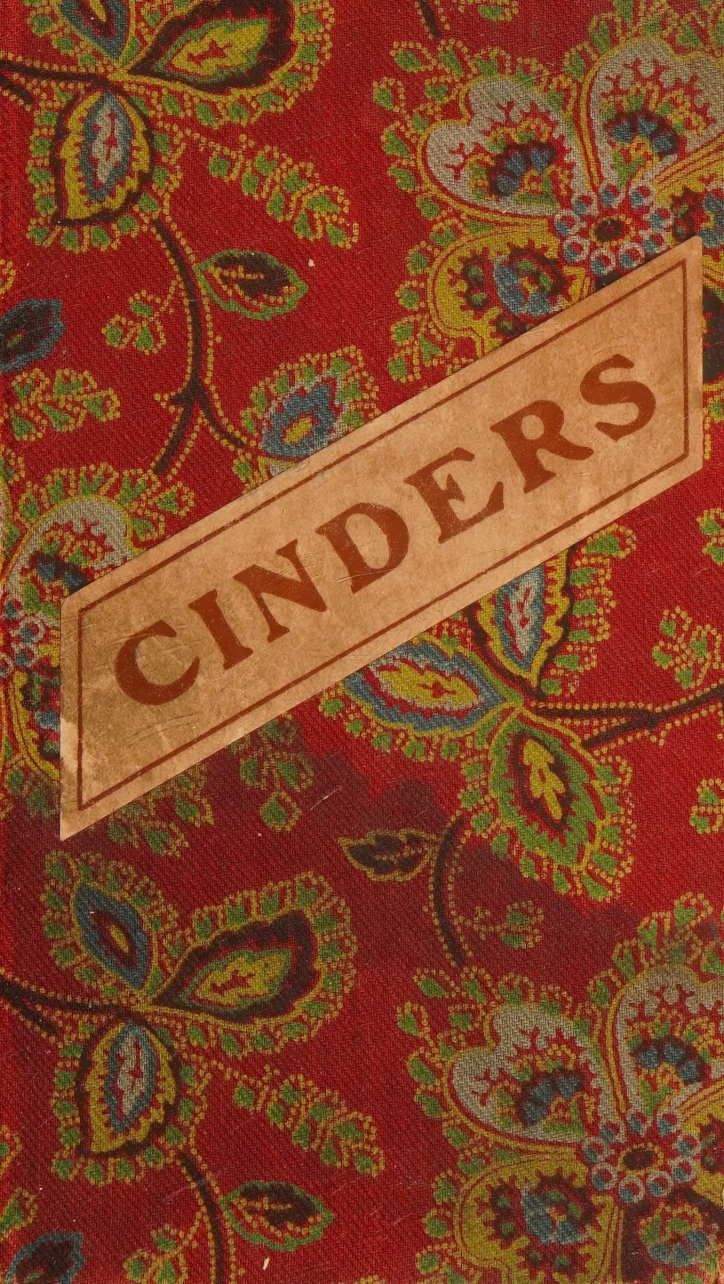




CINDERS

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CINDERS



"I saw the expression of which
I was in search."—Page 34.

CINDERS

(The Diary of a Drummer)

BY

WRIGHT BAUER



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CINDERS.

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CINDERS

ENTRY NO. 1

BALTIMORE, *Jan.* 7, 1907.

GEE! Well, here goes, but I wish now I hadn't made the bet!

What bet? Well, I'll tell you.

You know Charlie Abbott, don't you? Travels for that Baltimore whiskey house! the best pal that ever handed you the high sign or tore the cover off a mileage book. Everybody knows Charlie—the original human ace.

“Cinders,” said Charlie, “you can't do it!”

“ Charlie,” said I, “ I can do it—for any tidy little sum you care to name.”

“ Cinders,” said Charlie, “ you mean well, but your brain slips. You’re 98 years old, Cinders, to my personal knowledge, and you’ve been on the road for 92 years! ”

“ I’ll be forty years old next January,” I snapped back.

“ Lie down, Fido, and don’t bite the gentleman, he’s only an amateur liar,” Charlie rambled on. “ You’ve made every town on the map and some that are not in this world; you’ve eaten and thrived on hotel cooking that sent me screaming to the hospital; you can sell more goods in a week than most drummers can sell in

a month, *but you can't remember all the wheezes you hear*—you can't do it, Cinders! ”

“ I'll bet you fifty dollars, Charlie, that I'll have a record in my diary of every story I hear on my next trip out,” I replied.

“ You're on, Cinders,” said Charlie; “ any and every wheeze you hear goes in the book no matter if some of them are so bad they bite your finger.”

“ All except the hot tamales,” I added.

“ Righto,” said Charlie; “ hot tamales, over-ripes and disinfectos are barred—they're off! ”

We shook hands.

So there's the bet; and here's the diary.

* * * * *

Woodie Odwalt, at the Walten in Philadelphia, told me the first one:

A well dressed young man carrying a very neat little package of benzine rolled unsteadily up to the desk, signed the register, and I, taking pity on his somewhat dazed condition, had him shown at once to a room on the second floor. He was by nature a very cautious young man, so before tearing off the few paragraphs of sleep which he had so badly needed he decided to examine the room. First he dropped carefully upon his knees and looked under the bed. Finding everything ship-shape in that direction he laboriously arose to his feet and tacked over to the clothespress. Inside

the clothespress he found to his astonishment a beautiful *robe de nuit*, all be-ribboned and be-laced. He took from the hook this creamy and dreamy bit of feminine vanity, which had evidently been forgotten by a former occupant of the room, and examined it carefully. The ribbons, the filmy laces and the shimmering silk affected him deeply, so he staggered over to the 'phone and called for a bell-boy. When the door opened our friend with the jag, who had been leaning up against the telephone, turned slowly, held the nightgown out at arm's-length, and said:

“ Boy, take this downstairs and fill it for me! ”

* * * * *

I met good old Val Heaton in the lobby of the Walton talking to Colonel Swett. Val is that Fownes glove chap and he's all to the good. The Colonel asked us if we'd liquor but Val explained that he was nailed to a front seat on the water wagon and couldn't get off without tearing his trousers—and they were his best trousers. Val and I did the Apollinaris stunt, and in order to square himself with Colonel Swett Val told this one:

It's the story of a balking mule named "Napoleon," driven by an old negro named Abe, and owned by a wholesale feed house. One day Napoleon balked on Broad Street and refused abso-

lutely to be driven again. After old Abe had spent his energies on Napoleon for an hour in the vain endeavor to get him to start, he went into a store to telephone his employers. The following is what a party of gentlemen near the telephone heard:

“ Please, marm, gimmie number two hund’ed an’ ’leven. Is dat you, Marse Henry?—Yessir, dis is Abe. I dun ring yo’ up, sir, ter tell you about Napoleon. Napoleon, he dun balk down yer on Broad Street, sir.”

“ _____ ”

“ ’Bout a hour, sir.”

“ _____ ”

“ Yessir, I bus’ him in ’de head.”

“ _____ ”

“ I dun wear de whip handle out on him, sir.”

“ _____”

“ Yessir, I kick him in de belly 'bout eight times, sir.”

“ _____”

“ Marse Henry, I would ha' kick un some mo' but I hu't me big toe on um de las' time I kick um.”

“ _____”

“ Twis' he tail? No, sir, not dis nigger. A gemman from New York, he twis' he tail.”

“ _____”

“ No, sir, I don't think he dead. De doctor take him 'way in de amb'lance.”

“ _____”

“ Yessir, it was sure foolish.”

“ _____”

“ Yes, Marse Henry, I dun set fire under Napoleon.”

“ _____ ”

“ De harness? Dun bu’n de harness clean off um.”

“ _____ ”

“ De cart? Yessir, dun bu’n de cart, too, sir, all ’cept one wheel, sir.”

“ _____ ”

“ Yessir, I git de feed out fust, sir.”

“ _____ ”

“ Marse Henry, is you want me to come back to de store and go to work, or mus’ I wait fer Napoleon to move? ”

* * * * *

In the café of the Walton I met Silvio Hein, the boy composer, who writes that almost human

music. Silvio pulled this one on me:

It's about a couple of the Chosen Race, one of whom said to the other, "Abraham, I'm thinking of puying a peautiful suit of clothes. Vere shall I puy dem? "

"New clothes, Isaac? " asked Abraham.

"Vell, mostly new," answered Isaac.

"Vell, den, you go straight to my brudder's shop on der left-hand side of der street and he will sell you a lovely suit."

In half an hour Isaac came back attired in very indifferent "hand-me-downs."

"Vere did you get dem? " inquired the disgusted Abraham.

“Vere you told me. Der shop on der right-hand side of der street.”

“On der right-hand side!” roared Abraham. “I told you der left-hand side.”

“But,” persisted Isaac, turning himself round for inspection, “vat do you tink of der clothes, Abraham?”

His friend was silent for a moment. Then he spoke:

“Mein frent, I vill tell you. If you schneeze—*you are naked!*”

* * * * *

That same evening I was introduced to Felix Isman, the Ruler of Real Estate, with enough brains in his koko to supply a board of directors, and a good

fellow from start to finish. He told this one:

The attenuated, almost cadaverous appearance of Senator Ingalls was once the occasion of turning a joke on him in a most unexpected manner. A friend of his, a doctor in Atchison, had been much pestered by a newsboy who was accustomed to rush unceremoniously into his office and persistently urge him to buy a paper. One day the Senator and his friend were seated in the latter's office when the boy was heard coming up the stairs, and the doctor determined to play a trick on him. Going to a closet he got an articulated skeleton and placed it in his chair. Then the two conspirators quickly

withdrew to an inner room. In came the newsboy, and his precipitation carried him directly up to the desk before he saw what was in the chair. When he saw the skeleton grinning at him he waited for nothing more, but, with a cry of terror, fled through the door and down the stairs to the street. The doctor, who had suffered from the lad's importunities, was highly amused; but Ingalls felt some sympathy for the unfortunate boy, particularly when he saw him standing below crying.

“Come up here, my boy,” he called from the window. “I’ll buy a paper.”

But the newsboy, crying harder

than ever, blubbered out between his sobs:

“ No, siree! I won’t come up. You can’t fool me, even if you have put on your clothes.”

* * * * *

The next morning I hiked over to Baltimore, where I know everybody from North Avenue to the Bay.

This is the town where Charlie Abbott’s firm turns out that “ Monticello ” honey-dew, and you can bet it’s the goods, all right.

There was a bunch of us in the Belvidere entertaining and being entertained by John Langton. You know John, of course! John with the irresistible white hair and the same style of a smile that

Michael Angelo used to paint on the faces of his angels. I think Mike must have been one of John's Italian ancestors, so he comes by the smile naturally. A little bit of all right is that same John. He told this one:

A Baltimore friend of mine, said John, tells of a recent visit to a benighted section of West Virginia—a region so uninviting and unpromising that even the residents thereof evince for it the greatest disgust. Many would leave if they could, but, as they themselves say: “There ain't nothin' to do but stay an' have the chills and fever.”

The Baltimore man was riding along the banks of the river that waters this section, and although

he had gone some twenty miles or so he had not in all that distance noticed a single fisherman. Finally, however, he met a man lounging near the stream, and he asked:

“ Why doesn’t some one fish in this river? ”

“ Ain’t no fish,” was the laconic response of the native.

“ No fish in such a beautiful river as this! ” exclaimed the astonished Baltimorean. “ Why not? ”

The native lazily shifted his position and answered:

“ Stranger, ef you could git outer this country as easy as a fish can, do you reckon you’d be here? ”

* * * * *



"Stranger, ef you could git outer this country as easy as a fish can, do you reckon you'd be here?"—Page 26.



Then Jimmie Tait—ex-athlete and all around good sport—called the waiter over and asked him to make faces at us all. After Monticelloing ourselves we settled back while Jimmie settled up, after which he settled down and told this one:

It's a story about a dear fussy old lady named Mrs. Rogers who lives not a thousand miles from Baltimore.

One winter's night when the thermometer dropped below zero Mrs. Rogers was much disturbed by the thought that Huldah, the new kitchen maid, slept in an unheated room.

“Huldah,” she said, remembering the good old custom of her girlhood, “it's going to be pretty

cold to-night. I think you had better take a flatiron to bed with you."

"Yes, ma'am," assented Huldah, without enthusiasm.

Mrs. Rogers, happy in the belief that her maid was comfortable, slept soundly. In the morning she visited the kitchen.

"Well, Huldah, how did you get along with the flatiron?"

Huldah breathed a deep sigh of recollection.

"Vell, ma'am, I got it nearly warm before morning."

* * * * *

In the palm room of the Belvedere I met John L. Golden, of New York. Jack is one of my best pals and I was so glad to see him I didn't even ask him

what he was doing in Baltimore. Did you ever hear Jack play his condensed comic opera? Say! he makes Richard W. Strauss sound like a bell solo on an old-rags wagon, and he has George H. Verdi and Herman Mendelssohn put away back in the jewsharp class. Jack is the merry goods all right, and I'm for him, strong.

Jack told me this one while the waiter was peeling the canvas off a canvas-back duck:

A man, driving along a country road, saw the roof of a farmhouse ablaze. He gesticulated and called to the farmer's wife, who was standing calmly in the doorway: "Hey, your house is afire!"

"What?"

"I say your house is afire."

“ What did y’ say? I’m a little deaf.”

“ Your house is afire! ” he yelled at the top of his lungs.

“ Is that all? ”

“ Yes,” he shrieked back; “ it’s all I can think of just now! ”

ENTRY NO. 2

CLEVELAND, OHIO, *Jan.* 10.

THE next day I made Pittsburg and at the Fort Pitt Hotel I had a chin-chin with Charlie Blanchard, during the course of which he told me this one:

A poor Hebrew boarded a Delancey Street horse-car in New York with his son. The boy was tall and ungainly. He seemed at least twelve years old, but when the conductor called for the fares the Hebrew slowly counted out five pennies.

“Here,” said the conductor,

“ where’s the fare for the boy? ”

“ Vy, he ain’t yet five! ”

“ Five! ” growled the conductor. “ He’s fifteen easy.”

“ Sure, no,” pleaded the father.
“ Honest, he can’t yet be five! ”

“ Well, he looks a good deal older,” the conductor insisted.

“ Certainly,” said the old man,
“ certainly. Vy shouldn’t he?
He’s had a lot of trouble! ”

* * * * *

I was with Jeff D’Angelis, Joe Miron, Arthur Barry, Dick Ling, Dave Carter and some other Thespian friends in the lobby of the Fort Pitt that evening after the show when John Mason, who was playing there with Mrs. Fiske, joined the bunch. John told us this one, about the English trage-



"Vy shouldn't he? He's had a
lot of trouble!" — Page 32.



dian who always studied from nature.

“ In my acting you see reflected nature herself,” the tragedian said to an admirer.

“ Try this cigar,” said the admirer, reverently. “ Now, where did you study that expression of intense surprise that you assume in the second act? ”

“ From nature, sir, from nature,” said the tragedian. “ To secure that expression I asked an intimate friend to lend me \$20. He refused. This caused me no surprise. I tried several more. Finally I asked one who was willing to oblige me, and as he handed me the note I studied in a glass the expression of my own face. I saw there surprise, but it was not

what I wanted. It was alloyed with suspicion that the note might be a bad one. I was in despair."

"Well?" said the admirer, breathlessly.

"Then an idea struck me. I resolved upon a desperate course. I returned the \$20 note to my friend the next day, and on his astonished countenance I saw the expression of which I was in search."

* * * * *

Then we all adjourned to the café, where Joe Miron, after ordering a light luncheon, consisting of pig's knuckle, sauerkraut, Boston baked beans, a pot of coffee, and a sliver of mince pie, told us this one:

Strange as it may appear, said Joe, my town of Websterooza, Mass., is "dry," but throat gargles may be had by those who know how to approach the gargle-makers.

Not long ago a citizen of my town who had gargled not wisely was wending his way homeward, tacking from this side to that, muttering to himself and wondering what Mary would say about his condition and the lateness of the hour. He had reached the square. It was midnight, but the citizen did not know it, for as he looked up at the clock in the steeple of the Methodist church the dial seemed to revolve like a buzz saw. "I am drunk," said the citizen, "drunk—too damn

drunk to see straight—but if that clock would strike I'm not so drunk but what I can count."

He sat down on the steps to think it over. Just then the clock began to strike. The man counted: One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—("It mus' be 'leven!") 'leven—("No, it's twelve!") twelve.

Just as the Methodist church clock pealed out its "twelve" the clock in the Presbyterian church near by, late as usual, began with "one."

The "twelve" of the Methodist clock and the "one" of the Presbyterian clock intermingled so completely that our drunken friend failed to distinguish between the two sounds.

Then, naturally, having played its string out, the Methodist clock subsided while its Presbyterian friend carried on the good work.

Thirteen! (Mr. Souse counted as old Presbyterian struck the second time)—Fourteen! (What's that!) Fifteen! (Holy smoke!) Sixteen! (I must be awful full!) Seventeen!—eighteen!—nineteen!—twenty!—twenty-one!—twenty-two!—twenty-three!—and all was silence.

“What d'ye think of that!” he muttered in awestruck tones; “the village clock is handing me out a 23—I must have an awful bun when the church clock tells me to skiddoo! Gee! I'll bet there'll be hell when Mary gets me home!”

Then Dave Carter told this one apropos of the water which nobody was drinking:

At a recent Confederate reunion in Charleston, S. C., two Kentuckians were viewing the Atlantic Ocean for the first time.

“ Say, cap’n,” said one of them, “ what ought I to carry home to the children for a souvenir? ”

“ Why, colonel, it strikes me that some of this here ocean water would be right interestin’.”

“ Just the thing! ” exclaimed the colonel delightedly. From a rear pocket he produced a flask, and, with the aid of the captain, soon emptied it. Then, picking his way down to the water’s edge, he filled it to the neck and replaced the cork.

“ Hi, there! Don’t do that! ”
cried the captain in great alarm.
“ Pour out about a third of that
water. If you don’t, when the
tide rises she’ll bust, sure! ”

* * * * *

Richey Ling then told us the
wheeze about the two New Eng-
land farmers who met at the post-
office one morning.

“ Mornin’, Si.”

“ Mornin’, Josh.”

“ My hoss is ailin’, Si. What
did you feed your’n on when he
was ailin’? ”

“ Benzine, Josh.”

“ Mornin’, Si.”

“ Mornin’, Josh.”

Two days later:

“ Mornin’, Si.”

“ Mornin’, Josh.”

“ Say, Si, my hoss died.”

“ So did mine, Josh.”

“ Mornin’, Si.”

“ Mornin’, Josh.”

* * * * *

Arthur Barry trailed along with one about an English friend of his named Jenkins.

For years poor, overworked Jenkins had registered his nightly “ kick ” against the incessant playing of the piano by his two girls, aged respectively sixteen and seventeen. He needed rest and quiet, he said, but the madam couldn’t see it that way, being most desirous that the girls should have “ as much practice as possible.”

About one o’clock the other night Jenkins was suddenly



" Say, Si, my hoss died."—Page 40.

awakened by his wife's exclaiming in a hoarse tone that she was sure there were burglars in the parlor.

"Nonsense!" growled Jenkins, turning over preparatory to renewing his slumbers.

"But, Richard," insisted the wife, "I am *sure* I heard men in the parlor. Some one stumbled against the piano several times, striking the keys."

Whereupon Jenkins, with a demoniacal smile, hastily leaped from the bed and began to slip on his dressing-gown, evidently with the intention of immediately interviewing the nocturnal visitors downstairs. Observing his determined air, Mrs. Jenkins began to be uneasy.

“ Oh, Richard,” she wailed, “ don’t, for my sake, do anything rash! Remember your family! Don’t be rash! ”

“ Rash! ” scornfully repeated Jenkins. “ Depend upon it, I shall do nothing rash! I’m going to help those fellows. You don’t suppose that they can get that piano out unassisted, do you? ”

* * * * *

When the mince pie was served Joe Miron threw off a yell because it wasn’t larger, whereupon Jeff D’Angelis related a story about a bachelor friend of his who was on one occasion compelled by force of circumstances to celebrate his Christmas festivities in solitary state at a restaurant. An oily-looking waiter brought him the

bill of fare, and having with much anxious deliberation selected his meal therefrom, he leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes, and waited in luxurious anticipation for the forthcoming feast. An hour or so later he was disturbed by the waiter approaching him with a large plate, in the centre of which reposed three small peas of dubious origin and undoubted antiquity.

“ Hi, waiter! ” he cried, in astonishment, “ what’s the meaning of this? I ordered duck and green peas. Where’s the duck? ”

The waiter looked aggrieved. “ The duck, sir? ” he replied, with an unctuous bow. “ W’y, it’s just be’ind that there other pea, sir! ”

ENTRY NO. 3

CHICAGO, ILL., *Jan. 14.*

FROM Pittsburg I moseyed over to Cleveland, where I hung up my hat in the Hollenden for a few minutes.

I don't remember that blond chap's name behind the earth-works at the Hollenden, but he sure can wrestle rooms.

During a lull in business he told me this one:

The other day a post commander of the G. A. R., residing in the suburbs of Cleveland, and who has a good army record, having seen three years' hard service dur-

ing the Civil War, took down his revolver to shoot a sick cat which had been hanging about the house. After looking at the army veteran while he fired six shots, the cat quietly walked away, showing no alarm and escaping injury of any kind. While the exasperated old soldier was loading up, determined to take the life of the feline, an eight-year-old boy living in the neighborhood inquired: " Say, did you ever kill anyone while you were in the army? " " I suppose so," replied the grizzled veteran. After a long pause the boy continued, " Then you must have got near enough to hit 'em with an axe, didn't you? "

In chasing the boy home the old

soldier forgot the cat and the latter escaped.

* * * * *

I was introduced to three or four newspaper boys in the lobby of the Hollenden. We were talking about plays and things when the dramatic man on the *Plain Dealer* told me of the most effective bit of dramatic criticism that had ever come under his notice. It is said to have been printed in a rural paper in Indiana.

A raw company on the "kerosene circuit" played "Hamlet," and the next day the local critic wrote: "Mr. Binger and his company played 'Hamlet' in the town hall last night. It was a great social event, and all the élite of our fair village attended.

There has long been a discussion as to whether Bacon or Shakespeare wrote the play commonly attributed to Shakespeare. It can easily be settled now. Let the graves of the two writers be opened. The one who turned over last night is the author.”

* * * * *

Somehow or other our conversation drifted around to clergymen, and then the hotel man on the *Leader* told me one about the late Sam Small.

“ I once heard him speak,” he said, “ and his humor and eloquence impressed me deeply.

“ He had a happy knack of illustration. He wanted, I remember, to illustrate the frailty that is a part of even the best charac-

ters, and he told a story about a brave young soldier.

“ This soldier, he said, enlisted in the Spanish-American war, and he fought like a lion for his country. The firm he had worked for, pleased with the record he was making for himself, told his wife that all the time he was away they would pay half his wages to her.

“ Accordingly, at the end of the first week the young woman called at the office, and the head of the firm handed her nine dollars.

“ She looked at the money, and her face clouded over.

“ ‘ Nine dollars! ’ she said.

“ ‘ Yes,’ said the head of the firm, a little hurt; ‘ that is just



“ ‘ Wait till he gets home ! If them Spaniards
don't kill him, I will ! ’ ”—Page 49.

half. I'm sorry you are not satisfied.'

" ' It isn't that I'm not satisfied,' said the young woman, ' but all along he's been telling me his pay was only \$14 a week. Wait till he gets home! If them Spaniards don't kill him, I will.' "

* * * * *

I ran into Dave Torrence and Alfred Fisher, who are playing with McIntyre and Heath in " The Ham Tree."

We adjourned to the café, where Dave told this one:

A certain professor was giving his pupils a lecture on " Scotland and the Scots." " These hardy men," he said, " think nothing of swimming across the Tay

three times every morning before breakfast."

Suddenly a loud burst of laughter came from the centre of the hall, and the professor, amazed at the idea of anyone daring to interrupt him in the middle of his lecture, angrily asked the offender what he meant by such conduct.

"I was just thinking, sir," replied the lad, "that the poor Scotch chaps would find themselves on the wrong side for their clothes when they landed!"

* * * * *

Just then Tom Heath and Jim McIntyre joined our party and another thousand dollars worth of Apollinaris was ordered.

"I can tell you a story," said

Al Fisher. “ It is a beautiful anecdote of heroism in modern life. The hero of the heroism didn’t look at all like a hero as he stood one morning in the dentist’s consulting-room. He was a singularly unattractive little man, but without whiskers.

“ ‘ I want to make an appointment with you for some time this afternoon,’ he said to the dentist.

“ ‘ Half past three?’ was the reply.

“ ‘ All right. It’s to have a tooth drawn. It’s a very bad tooth, with three fangs.’

“ ‘ In that case I should advise an anæsthetic.’

“ ‘ How much will it cost?’

“ ‘ Two dollars.’

“ ‘ Two dollars be hanged! I

want the tooth drawn out in the ordinary way. I'm not going to waste any two dollars on anæsthetics.'

" 'Quite so,' replied the dentist, surprised at the courage of the weedy little man, who continued:

" 'Don't you take any notice of screams, or groans, or moans—just go right ahead.' "

" Astounded at his pluck, the other congratulated him:

" 'My dear sir, you are a most extraordinarily courageous man.'

" ' *Me* courageous! Don't you think it! It's not *my* tooth; it's my wife's! ' "

* * * * *

Then Jim McIntyre explained



" ' *Me* courageous! Don't you think it! It's not *my* tooth; it's my wife's! ' "—Page 52.

that he had just overheard a party of three drummers discussing the speed of trains.

One drummer had told of a Western express that ran so fast that the telegraph-poles looked like a picket fence. Another had gone him one better by substituting a solid wall for a picket fence. Then a third spoke up:

“Gentlemen, I once travelled on an express in the Southwest that I think takes the palm. It runs through a farming country, the principal products of which are corn and beans. First we would pass a flourishing field of corn, and then an acre or two of beans. Well, sir, on one stretch there that train got to going so

fast that the landscape looked just like succotash.”

* * * * *

Tom Heath then told us that in certain parts of the West Indies the negroes speak English with a broad tongue.

They are probably descended from the slaves of the Irish adventurers who accompanied the Spanish settlers.

A sailor man from Dublin upon arriving at a West Indian port was accosted by a burly negro fruit vender with, “Th’ top uv th’ mornin’ to ye, an’ would ye be after wantin’ to buy a bit uv fruit, sor? ”

The Irishman stared at him in amazement.

“ An’ how long have you been here? ” the sailor finally asked.

“ Goin’ on three months, yer Honor,” said the vender, thinking of the time since he had left his inland home.

“ Three months, is it? Only three months an’ as black as thot? Faith, I’ll not land! ”

ENTRY NO. 4

COLUMBUS, OHIO, *Jan.* 17.

I SPENT two days and a lot of money in Chicago.

The popular young manager of the "Annex" (I won't tell you his name—if you don't know him it's your own fault!) told me this one:

A big New York wholesale house not long ago started a certain drummer on the road, giving him two hundred dollars for travelling expenses. Two weeks passed and nothing was heard from him. Finally, the house, becoming impatient, telegraphed the delinquent as follows:

No advices from you since you left. Are you still with us?

In a little while the answer came:

Referring yours of fifteenth. Have drawn on you for two hundred and fifty dollars additional. Am still with you.

* * * * *

Over in George Lederer's office in the Colonial Theatre there was a bunch sitting around when I dropped in, but out of the assortment of wheezes told I could only grab one.

The others are barred by the statue of imitations.

George Lederer told this one:

When the late Senator Wolcott first went to Colorado he and his

brother opened a law office at Idaho Springs under the firm name of "Ed Wolcott & Bro." Later the partnership was dissolved. The future Senator packed his few assets, including the sign that had hung outside of his office, upon a burro and started for Georgetown, a mining town farther up in the hills. Upon his arrival he was greeted by a crowd of miners who critically surveyed him and his outfit. One of them, looking first at the sign that hung over the pack, then at Wolcott, and finally at the donkey, ventured:

"Say, stranger, which of you is Ed?"

* * * * *

At Rector's after the show I

ran across a lot of the brainy boys.

Al Levering found time to tell me this one:

“ Medicine won’t help you any,” the doctor told his patient. “ What you need is a complete change of living. Get away to some quiet country place for a month. Go to bed early, eat more roast beef, drink plenty of good, rich milk, and smoke just one cigar a day.”

A month later the patient walked into the doctor’s office. He looked like a new man, and the doctor told him so.

“ Yes, doctor, your advice certainly did the business. I went to bed early and did all the other things you told me. But, say,

doctor, that one cigar a day almost killed me at first. It's no joke starting in to smoke at my time o' life."

* * * * *

Harry Woodruff was busy with a chafing dish, but being the best little cook in seven States, he told me this one while he watched his special brew of stewed chicken with green peppers getting riper and riper:

Shortly after Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's book, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," appeared, she went with her two little boys to a seaside hotel. The story had made a great sensation, and there had ensued a regular epidemic of Fauntleroy curls, Fauntleroy suits, and Fauntleroy youngsters.



"That one cigar a day almost killed me at first. It's no joke starting in to smoke at my time of life."—Page 60.

In the room next to that occupied by Mrs. Burnett was a dashing, rather over-dressed widow, with a red-haired, bullet-headed son, of about seven, who was the terror of the hotel. Anticipating the arrival of the famous author, his mother had purchased a complete and elaborate Fauntleroy outfit, with which she proceeded to deck out her unappreciative and rebellious offspring.

Not content with this outward seeming, the woman desired to complete the caricature by compelling her precious child to address her as "dearest," after the manner of the hero of the book, instead of "mommer," or, more frequently, merely, "say," as had been his previous custom.

Mrs. Burnett arrived no sooner than she had been expected, but apparently before little Johnny had entirely completed his course of instruction in filial courtesy, as was evident by the sounds which penetrated the thin lath and plaster partition between the rooms. This is what Mrs. Burnett heard:

“ Johnny! ”

Silence.

“ Johnny, do you hear me? ”

Silence.

“ Call me ‘ Dearest! ’ ”

Silence.

“ Will you call me ‘ Dearest,’ or shall I make you? ”

“ Yer can’t make me.”

“ Yes, I can. Call me ‘ Dearest! ’ ”

“ Go ter blazes! ”

“That’s no way to speak to me.”

“It’s a good sight better’n what you want me ter say.”

“It isn’t. Call me ‘Dearest!’”

Silence.

“Do you want me to use the trunk strap? Call me ‘Dearest!’”

Silence.

“Call me ‘Dearest!’”

Silence.

Biff-biff-biff-biff. “Call me ‘Dearest!’”

“I won’t!” Biff! “I won’t!”
Biff-biff! “Ouch, you hurt!”

“Then call me ‘Dearest!’”

“Oh, all right, then, Dearest.”

“Now, see here. If you don’t remember to call me ‘Dearest’

at dinner to-night, I'll wallop you within an inch of your life, you ungrateful thing! ”

* * * * *

Having dined sumptuously with Harry I paid my respects to Henry Dixey who had dropped in for a pot of tea.

Henry told me this one:

During his last American tour the late Sir Henry Irving told the following story on himself:

“ My barnstorming days seem very distant, and yet very dear to me now. I recall, with particular pleasure, a melodrama of crime in high life wherewith I barnstormed the provinces for two successful seasons.

“ My part called, in the first act, for a dark stage. In this

darkness I fought with an old earl, threw him heavily, and, when he did not rise after the loud thud of his fall, I cried out:

“ ‘ Great Heavens! What have I done? ’

“ Usually this scene impressed and moved my audience tremendously, but I remember one night in Birmingham when a member of the audience, with one little witticism, turned my outcry and the darkness and the old earl's tragic fall into ridicule and laughter. I have never seen its owner, but I remember the voice well. It was a slow, dry voice, like Mark Twain's, and it manifested itself just after the fall of my aged and noble antagonist. The old earl had dropped heav-

ily, and in the silent obscurity I had cried: ' Great Heavens! What have I done? ' when the stranger spoke up:

“ ‘ Strike a match, young fellow, and we'll have a look! ’ ”

* * * * *

Later in the week I ran across Charlie Grapewin who told me this one:

A traveller in Pennsylvania arrived late one night at a small village hotel and asked for a room. He was told that the only vacant one was next to that of a very nervous man whom he must be careful not to disturb. After going to his room the newcomer thoughtlessly let fall one of his shoes; then, recalling the warning he had received, placed the other

very carefully on the floor. He had put out the light and retired when there was a knock on his door. Opening it, he faced the nervous occupant of the adjoining room, who demanded excitedly:

“ Why in hell don’t you take off that other shoe! I’ve been waiting an hour to hear it drop! ”

* * * * *

I met Mason Peters in the Annex the afternoon I was leaving.

(What was he doing in Chicago?)

Mason said every little thing was all right and then pulled this one:

Two Irishmen were crossing the ocean on the way to this country. On the way over Patrick

died. Preparations were made for the burial at sea, but the lead weights customarily used in such cases were lost. Chunks of coal were substituted. Everything was finally ready for the last rites, and long and earnestly did Michael look at his friend. Finally he blurted out sorrowfully:

“ Well, Pat, I always knew ye were goin’ there, but I’m damned if I thought they’d make ye bring yer own coal.”

ENTRY NO. 5

BUFFALO, N. Y., *Jan.* 19.

I HAD the laugh of my life in Columbus, Ohio, day before yesterday.

There's a guy over there who thinks his mission in life is to write for the stage, and he's on his job at the Great Southern Hotel the moment every new star hits the burg.

Lew Dockstader played there last week, so bright and early Thursday morning, Mr. George W. Sardou, or whatever his name is, was at the desk of the hotel inquiring for Lew.

The clerk pointed in the direction of the settee, whereupon Clyde Q. Fitch nailed the prosperous looking, thick-set gentleman with the brown moustache who sat there, reading his paper.

“Morning,” said young Pinhead Pinero, nailing his listener to the leather-back; “saw the show last night and enjoyed it, but I think you ought to have a new line of talk. I’ve cooked it for you—here it is!” and without paying the slightest heed to the nervous expostulations of the other occupant of the settee, dear friend Peter J. Shakespeare produced a typewritten document and proceeded to read therefrom in a quick, nervous manner, like a jack-rabbit.

I managed to catch some of that highly original monologue and as you never did me any harm I'll punish you by repeating it.

This is how Rufus Theodore Kremer started off:

I went into a barber shop the other day.

“ Say! ” said the barber; “ your hair needs cutting in the worst way.”

“ Yes,” I said, “ that's the way you cut it last time.

Doesn't the gas meter make you mad?

My gas bill makes a twenty-dollar note get red in the face and the bank-book gets up and leaves the room.

My gas meter has a wonderful imagination.

I was so mad when the bill came in the other day that I ran all the way to the office of the company.

“ Say,” I said to the frozen face inside the wire cage, “ you can send right up and take your old gas meter out of my house.”

“ This isn’t the gas office,” the man said.

“ It isn’t! ”

“ No; it’s the waterworks office.”

“ Oh, it is, is it! ” I came back; “ well, then, you send up and turn the water off. I’m not going to walk two miles for nothing.”

A little boy who lives next door to me was told by his nurse that the breast of a chicken was called the white meat and the legs the

dark meat. Soon after he went to spend the afternoon with his Sunday School teacher, a young lady of whom he was very fond. Upon returning home, he was full of the good time he had had.

“ And what did you do at the teacher’s? ” asked his mother.

“ Oh, she told me wonderful stories. And I sat on her *dark meat* and leaned my head against her *white meat*! ”

A man walked into a country store and said, “ Have you any black hose? ” The clerk said, “ No, we haven’t a hoe in the store.”

A man was arrested in Chicago for fighting and the judge asked him what his occupation was.

“ I’m a packer, your honor,” answered the prisoner.

“ A packer,” said the judge; “ a packer of hogs? ”

“ Some of ’em are hogs, your honor. I’m a street car conductor.”

Last winter the proprietors of a hardware store in a country town hung out this sign:

JONES & SMITH

Cheap Skates

And then they got mad because everybody in town believed them.

A young countryman who had arrayed himself in festive garments, and had spruced up his

overworked horse, started out for an evening drive to town. He drove through the main street with a flourish, and as he reined up in front of the corner the horse dropped dead. A sympathetic bystander called out to him: "Served you right, Si! You hadn't oughter stopped."

Recently a bashful young woman from a backwoods county went into a local store carrying three chickens. She inquired the price of chickens, and at the same time put them on the counter.

"Will they lay there?" asked the clerk, who did not know that the chickens' legs were tied.

She bit her handkerchief in embarrassment a moment, and said:

“ No, sir; they are roosters.”

A friend of mine wanted to know what a soft drink is and I told him it is the kind that's hard to take.

My little boy was talking to the minister's son.

“ Huh! ” said my little boy; “ my father wears evening clothes every time he goes to a party.”

“ Huh! ” said the minister's little boy; “ that's nothing. My father wears night clothes every time he preaches.”

My little boy's mother caught him sliding down the banisters.

“ What are you doing, son? ” she asked.

“ Making trousers for the orphans,” he answered.



"All but the big ones, ma'am; I couldn't get them in my mouth."—Page 77.

“ Johnny,” I said to him the other day, “ I want you to be good to-day.”

“ I’ll be good if you give me a nickel,” he said.

“ Johnny,” I said, “ I want you to remember that you cannot be a son of mine unless you be good for nothing.”

We have a new cook at our house and my wife said to her, “ Phyllis, have you cracked those nuts for dinner? ”

“ Yes, ma’am,” said Phyllis, “ all but the big ones, ma’am; I couldn’t get them in my mouth.”

I was talking to a drummer on the train.

“ We must be going sixty miles an hour,” I said.

“ That’s nothing,” said the

drummer. "I made a thousand miles in ten minutes once."

"How's that?"

"Why," said the drummer, "I shook dice with another traveling man for a new mileage book and won."

My friend, Bill Hodge, said to me: "In any business there's only one way to begin and that's at the bottom."

"How about swimming?" I said, and he fainted.

"Do you know," I said to Hodge, "I used to chop up all our kindling wood till one day I bought a young sheep."

"Well!"

"Now the lamb chops," I said, and he fainted twice.

My wife was in a department

store when the floor-walker ran up to her and said, "Hurry out, madam, the store's afire!"

"Oh, is it!" said my wife; "then I'll wait for the fire sale."

"It must be awful," my wife said to me, "to be paralyzed."

"You bet it is," I said; "you feel so badly the next morning."

"Say," said Hodge to me the other day, "do you think it will stop raining?"

"Why not," I said, "it always does."

You know I live in the suburbs and last fall I bought a furnace. Well, day before yesterday the man that sold it to me rushed up and began to talk fast.

"How did you like the furnace I sold you?" said he.

“ Well,” I said, “ it would be all right if there was as much hot air about it as there is about you.”

I think that put a crimp in his spark plug.

I was talking to a doctor friend of mine one day when an acquaintance came up and said, “ Doctor, are welsh rabbits unhealthy? ”

“ I can’t say,” said the doctor; “ I was never called in to attend one.”

One day a man came up to me and said, “ Say, don’t you want to buy one of those attachments they put on a piano to make it go? ”

“ No,” I said, “ I don’t have

to buy it; the sheriff put one on our piano."

Two tramps were talking outside of my window one day. "Say, Beau," said one of them, "dare was only one time in my career when I'd like to have been inside out."

"When was dat, Reginald?" said the other.

"De night dey took me to de hospital and rubbed me down with alcohol."

Another tramp rushed up to me one day and tried to work me for the price of a ticket to Oshkosh. "Say," said he, "I'm tryin' to get home to my poor old mother. She ain't seen my face for ten years."

“ I guess that’s the truth,” I said. “ Why don’t you wash it? ”

Two little boys were standing outside my window one day. One little boy said, “ Huh! my paw has an ottomobeel.”

“ That’s nothing,” said the other little boy; “ my paw has appendicitis.”

A hobo came running up to me one day and said, “ Say, mister, lend me a dime to get something to eat with.”

“ Why,” I said, “ you’ve got a quarter in your hand now—what’s that for? ”

“ Oh! ” he said, “ that’s to tip the waiter.”

A friend of mine is a justice of the peace and I dropped in to see

him just as he was about to begin a marriage ceremony.

“ Do you take this man to be your wedded husband? ” asked my friend, the justice of the peace.

“ I don’t know whether to do it or not, Squire,” said the young woman, wiping her eyes. “ He got the money from me to pay the license. I don’t like to marry a man of that kind, and yet I hate to see the two dollars wasted.”

A man came in to buy a horse from my friend the justice of the peace.

Well, the man I didn’t know looked the horse all over and then he asked the Squire, “ Is he sure-footed? ”

“ Well, I guess yes,” said my

friend. "that horse sure-footed! I should say so—why he kicked my wife's mother three times in the same spot."

My friend Hodge used to drop around to see me every day. Great fellow, Hodge! He is an assistant engineer in a cigar store. Next door there is a rope factory. Sometimes Hodge goes in the rope factory and doesn't know the difference.

Hodge has a dog. It's a dachshund. A dachshund is one of those dogs that is a dog and a half long and only a half a dog high. He is very long going away, and short coming back, but he is very wide across the narrows.

Hodge calls him a bird dog because he walks pigeon-toed.

One night while going home, Hodge and the dog fell in a well. The dog barked himself hoarse and Hodge barked his shins.

Sometimes I think Hodge's dog must be a spaniel. He likes to jump in the water and soak. I guess Hodge's watch is also a spaniel. It is in soak most of the time.

A man offered Hodge \$5,000 for his dog and just as Hodge reached out for the money he woke up.

Hodge's dog once saved a house from burning. The dog found a box of matches on the floor and swallowed them before they did any damage. The dog has been light-headed ever since.

Hodge's dog is very smart. He wanted to learn how to be a watch dog so he ate the alarm clock.

Hodge's dog is cheaper than dentists. A dentist charges five dollars and Hodge's dog inserts teeth for nothing.

Hodge's dog has a sweet voice, but you can't tell whether he is crying or laughing.

Hodge has a friend by the name of Jackson and he has only one eye. One night Jackson went out riding on his bicycle and the policeman pinched him for having his lamp out.

* * * * *

The young monologue author paused in his career of crime and looked eagerly at his victim.

“How about it, Mr. Dock-

stader," he asked, eagerly; "isn't it a bird? "

"Vell, it may be a bird, but dam if I want such a fowl!" exclaimed the thick-set man with the brown moustache.

"What! aren't you Lew Dockstader the minstrel?" shrieked Byron W. Belasco.

"No, I ain't," snapped back the other. "I am Louis Dockenheimer und I ain't no minstrel, needer. I am selling silk suspenders und voolen undervear, und I ain't got no time for your dam freshness, yet! "

It was a lesson in rapid transit to see Brinsley J. Sheridan light out of that hotel.

ENTRY NO. 6

Boston, *Jan. 21.*

I SPENT only a day and a night in Buffalo, but while there one of the room clerks at the Lafayette—the one with the smooth face and the glasses—handed me this bit of a wheeze, apropos of an old farmer who came up to the desk while we were talking and asked some foolish question.

The story is about a Revolutionary veteran, running for Congress in the days before the Civil War, who had as his opponent a young man who had never been

a soldier. In his speeches the Revolutionary hero made the most of his "record."

"Fellow citizens," he would say, "I have fought and bled for my country. I have helped repulse the British tyrant; I have helped repel the savage Indian. I have slept upon the field of battle with no other covering than the canopy of heaven. I have plodded barefoot over the frozen ground until every footstep was marked with blood."

At the close of one of these speeches an old man, wiping the tears from his eyes with the ends of his coat tails, elbowed his way up to the speaker.

"You've fought both the British an' the Injuns?" he asked.

“ I have, sir.”

“ An’ you’ve slept on the ground without kivver? ”

“ I have, sir.”

“ An’ ye say that your feet have covered the ground ye walked on with blood? ”

“ They have, sir,” said the speaker, delighted that his words had made such a profound impression.

“ Well, then,” said the old man, turning away with a sigh of deep emotion, “ I’m a-feered I’ll have to vote fur that other feller, fur I’ll be gosh blamed if you ain’t done enough fur yer country already.”

* * * * *

Over at the news stand in the Lafayette lobby I had quite a chin



"I'll be gosh blamed if you ain't done
enough fur yer country already."—Page 90.

with one of the young men in charge. (I won't mention his name because the other two might say he had rushed into print.)

Anyway, he's a clever chap all right, and he pulled this one on me:

At the race track in Latonia some time ago, Barker, a well-known jockey, was thrown and badly injured. The doctors in consultation decided that an immediate operation was necessary to save the boy's life. On being informed of this, the injured one asked what his chances were, and was told: "About one in ten, if we operate."

"And if you don't operate, Doc?"

“ Well, about one in a hundred.”

“ Sort of in God’s hands, ain’t it? ”

“ Why, certainly,” admitted the surprised M.D.

A contented grin touched the jockey’s pale lips and twinkled in his shrewd eyes.

“ Well, say, Doc, I guess I’d rather play a hundred-to-one-shot with Him in the saddle than a ten-to-one with you fellows up. Just let her go, Doc.”

She went. The long shot won, and Barker was riding winners all last season.

* * * * *

I stopped in at the Iroquois for a moment to untie the glad mitt, and while there one of the boys

behind the keys told me this one:

When Lord Witheringham was in America a few years ago he visited a friend in Buffalo who was to accompany his lordship on a hunting tour through the wilds of the Northwest.

One of the assets of the family was a child of about five, named Ethel, and during the dinner the child was big-eyed and big-eared with wonderment—in fact, completely overawed by the presence of the distinguished foreigner.

Ethel heard her mother and father say every now and then, “My lord this, and my lord that,” or “Will you have some of this, my lord? or some of that, my lord?” the dinner being a purely informal one.

Finally, when Ethel's mother was interested in the conversation of another guest, Ethel noticed that Milord was gazing interestedly at a dish of relishes quite out of his reach.

Ethel, child though she was, thought she saw a chance to please Lord Witheringham, and in a firm, clear voice exclaimed:

“Mamma, God wants some pickles.”

* * * * *

At the Powers in Rochester the chief clerk found a spare moment in which to tell me this one which has Senator W. A. Clark, of Montana, as its hero.

The Senator detests nothing more than to be interrupted when busy. One day he was in his of-

fice engaged in a business conversation when a petite woman, carrying a black bag, entered. With a compelling smile and an insinuating manner she approached the surly millionaire. Utterly insensible to his repellant mood and indifferent to his abrupt manner she drew from the depths of a bag a handsomely bound volume, the merits and beauty of which she began eloquently to descant upon.

Failing to embarrass her with arctic frigidity and impatient at her persistency under rebuffs all but vulgar, he turned suddenly upon the chattering woman and asked:

“ Madam, do you know what my time is worth? ”

She confessed it was a conundrum.

“ Well,” he said, petulantly, “ it’s worth \$30 an hour.”

He turned away with the air of one who had settled the matter definitely beyond any further controversy. But he didn’t know the woman.

“ Oh, I’m so grateful to you, Mr. Clark,” she replied, with a tone of pathos in her voice. “ Thirty dollars an hour, did you say ? ”

“ Yes; that’s what I said, and it’s cheap at that,” and he smiled cynically.

“ Oh, I know it’s dirt cheap,” she chirped with winsome blitheness. “ I am so glad you told me ”—rummaging in her reticule,

from which she quickly flashed out a purse gorged with currency. Moving near to the astonished millionaire, who now regarded her movements with unfeigned curiosity, she counted two bills, a ten and a five, off the roll. These she pushed along the top of the sloping desk toward him and said: "Yes, I'm glad you told me, because I hadn't expected to get it so cheap. There is \$15. Now, I want a half hour of your uninterrupted attention while I talk to you about this book."

Clark pushed the money back and subscribed and paid for two copies of the book.

* * * * *

Over at the news stand in the Powers I found the young man

who presides over the smoke outfit laboriously engaged in formulating a set of hotel rules. I secured a copy and submit them herewith more in sorrow than in anger:

Rule 1.—We cash no checks drawn on Papa. He's a dead one.

Rule 2.—Eat all our booze you want to, but go elsewhere and select your snakes.

Rule 3.—Don't call the waitress by her first name. She's liable to spoil your appetite.

Rule 4.—Guests who desire to have nightmare will find the harness in the restaurant, so back up!

Rule 5.—To prevent guests from carrying fruit from the table we'll have no fruit. We're lucky to have the table.

Rule 6.—If you feel tired, go away back and sit down.

Rule 7.—In case of fire jump out the window and turn to the left.

Rule 8.—Breakfast from 4 to 3; dinner from hand to mouth, and supper from what's left over.

Rule 9.—Hug as many high-balls as you please, but don't wave the red flag in the office—you might disturb Harold Spot-wood, the room clerk. He was out late last night.

Rule 10.—If you don't like your room, kick the bell-boy. Apply at the office for spiked shoes.

Rule 11.—If you don't see what you want ask for it and you'll get it—good and hard!

Rule 12.—Ask the barkeeper to

let you have one of our justly celebrated high-tides. It will do you good.

* * * * *

At the Ten Eyck in Albany the room clerk handed me out this one about a farmer who lives just outside of the city.

A man in a touring car stopped one morning to ask for certain information from the farmer.

Just as he was about to pull away the touring car manipulator said, " I suppose you see a good many automobiles passing this way? "

" Oh, yes, a tolerably good number."

" Possibly a half-dozen a day? "

" Oh, more'n that, I reckon."



"The average varies!"—Page 101.

“ As many as a dozen a day? ”

“ Waal, I guess some days I’ve seen as many as a dozen, but it ain’t often.”

“ Well,” persisted the tourist, “ about how many do you figure you average a day? ”

“ Waal, I’ll tell you,” replied the farmer, thoughtfully stroking his chin, “ the average varies! ”

* * * * *

At the Ten Eyck news stand the man with the brown beard told me this one about a certain physician over in Troy who has an extensive practice among the laboring classes where economy is the best policy. One day the little daughter of one of the men became very sick, and the doctor was hurriedly called. He ar-

rived, and administered a soothing treatment to the patient, who was soon sleeping soundly, and upon leaving prescribed some medicine which was to be obtained at the drug store. The next day the visit had to be repeated and some more medicine bought. This was kept up until the little girl was entirely well, when the father went to see the doctor to settle the bill.

As his purse was rather slim, he approached the doctor with many misgivings.

“ Here is your bill, sir,” began the doctor, handing him the paper. “ This for the drugs from the store, and this for my visits.”

The poor man looked and was horrified at the amount requested,

realizing that he could not pay it all. Then after thinking a moment he took out his purse and laid some pieces of change in the physician's hand, saying: "Here is the money for the drugs, Doctor, and—we will return your calls."

ENTRY NO. 7

HOME, *Jan.* 26.

IN Boston last week I met Sellers Largey, of Butte, Montana. We saw "Coming Thro' the Rye" together and after the show went over to the Touraine for a bite. Presently we were joined there by Will J. Block, the manager, Arthur Houghton, the nearly-manager, and Frank Lawlor, Frank Doane and John Park, the three comical cusses.

Sellers Largey told this one about the experience of a friend of his named Patterson, of Butte,

at a New York theatre some years ago.

In those days women weren't compelled to take their hats off in the theatre. Consequently a good many kept their hats on, and the people behind saw nothing of the stage. Mr. Patterson sat in his orchestra chair, enjoying the play famously, when a woman in a two-foot hat plumped down in the seat in front of him. He sighed. He sat, so to speak, on tiptoe. He craned his neck to the right and to the left. But in vain. Now that this woman had come, he could see nothing of the stage. He saw only two black ostrich plumes, a bunch of grapes, a humming bird, and a bow of pink satin ribbon.

Mr. Patterson was a modest man. It was not his nature to disturb anyone. Nevertheless, he did not often get to a New York theatre, and now that he was in one, he did not propose to miss its benefits through no fault of his own. So, after a good deal of silent suffering and a good deal of bashful hesitation, he leaned forward, touched the woman in front of him, and said in the politest tone:

“ Madam, will you kindly take off your hat? ”

The woman ignored him—ignored him completely. He said a little more loudly:

“ Will you please take off that big hat, madam? I can see nothing behind it.”

She turned, gave him a scornful, withering look, and settled back into her former position.

“Madam,” said Mr. Patterson very firmly, “if you do not remove that hat, something most unpleasant will happen.”

She ignored him again.

Mr. Patterson reached down under the seat, got his hat, and put it on. Instantly, from all parts of the house, there came a loud and ferocious chorus:

“Here, take off that hat!”

“Hats off!”

“Hats off down front!”

“Take off your hat!”

“Off with your hat! Off with it!”

The woman removed her hat instantly. At the same moment

Mr. Patterson, chuckling, removed his own. Then the uproar ceased.

* * * * *

Then Will Block told us this one about a friend of his in Chicago who went to visit old Colonel Rasmus who lived in the swampy Mississippi bottoms of Louisiana.

There was no mosquito netting over the bed, and in the morning, when the negro came with the water and towels, the tortured visitor asked: "Sam, why is it that you have no mosquito netting over the bed? Doesn't the colonel have any in his room?"

"No, suh," replied Sam.

"I don't see how he stands it."

"Well, suh," said Sam, "I reckon it's jes dis away; in de fo' part uv de night, suh, de colonel's

mos' gen'rally so 'toxicated dat he don't pay no 'tention to de skeeters, an' in de las' part uv de night, suh, de skeeters is mos' gen'rally so 'toxicated dat dey don't pay no 'tention to de colonel."

* * * * *

Frank Doane told us this one, but it doesn't necessarily follow that the hero of Frank's story is any relative of his:

The Bishop of Albany, the Right Reverend W. C. Doane, follows the custom of English bishops in signing formal communications, using "William of Albany" instead of giving his name in full. Hence this story. It appears that the bishop alighted from an express train in the sta-

tion at Albany, to find himself besieged on all sides by cabmen, with the usual "Cab, cab, cab! Right this way, sir! Here's yer cab!" One of the "cabbies," on perceiving the bell-crowned hat, long clerical coat, and other indications of the calling of the passenger, evidently recognized Bishop Doane, for he suddenly held up his finger, exclaiming:

"Cab, William of Albany? Cab? Right this way, William!"

* * * * *

Arthur Houghton drained his fourth glass of ginger ale (domestic) and handed out the following terse little yarn:

Professor Howard, of Washington, has a little daughter four years old, named Janet. She

was examining, the other day, the well-known photograph of the President jumping his horse over a fence.

“ Papa,” said she, “ ith it a picture of the good Lord Jesus? ”

“ No, dearie,” replied her father.

“ Ith it the Thecretary of Ag-giculture? ”

“ No, my pet. It is President Roosevelt.”

Janet looked thoughtful for a moment. Then she said: “ Why, of courth! Ithn’t it funny how I always get those three people mixed up.”

* * * * *

John Park told us of Francis Wilson’s interview with the amateur dramatist.

“What I want,” said the celebrated comedian to the embryo dramatist, “is a bright, short drama.”

“How do you mean—a short, bright drama?” asked the author.

“Can you give me an idea?”

“Oh, yes,” said Wilson; “here’s one. It’s direct and leaves much to the imagination.

“It is in one act.

“When the curtain goes up two persons are discovered on a sofa, one a pretty young woman, the other a nice-looking young fellow. They embrace; neither of them say a word. Then a door opens at the back and a commercial traveller enters. He wears an overcoat and carries an umbrella. You can tell all at once

by his manner that he is the husband of the young woman. At least, that would be the inference of every intelligent playgoer.

“ The husband takes off his coat, draws from his pocket a heavy Colt’s revolver, and in the midst of the silent embrace of hero and heroine fires.

“ The young woman falls dead.

“ He fires again and the young man is similarly disposed of. Then the murderer comes forward, puts on a pair of eyeglasses and proceeds to contemplate his sanguinary work. ‘ Great Heavens! ’ he exclaims, ‘ I am on the wrong floor.’ ”

* * * * *

By actual count Frank Lawlor told twenty-two stories none of

which is eligible for membership in this club—but all of them good, all of them good; I'll say that for the rascal.

His twenty-third story belongs to these chronicles, however, so I give it herewith:

As a married couple were walking down one of the main thoroughfares of a city the husband noted the attention which other women obtained from passers-by, and remarked to his better half:

“Folks never look at you. I wish I had married someone better looking.”

The woman tartly replied: “It's your fault. Do you think a man will stare at me when you're walking with me? You

step behind and see whether men don't look at me."

The husband hung back about a dozen yards, and for the length of the street was surprised to see every man his wife passed stare hard at her and even turn around and look after her.

"Sure, lassie!" he exclaimed as he rejoined her, "I was wrong and take it back. I'll never say aught about your looks again."

The wife had made a face at every man she met.

* * * * *

At this juncture Frank Doane and John Park began to duet softly a pathetic little ballad entitled, "Oh, the Thirst that Comes O'er Boston when the Midnight Hour is Striking!" All

would have been well if Arthur Houghton hadn't leaned over and tried to throw in a few barber shops. Four waiters rushed up to the table and said firmly and grammatically, "Desist, thou!"

They desisted.

Sellers Largey said something to the waiters which looked like a two-dollar bill and they went away, the waiters did. So did the two-dollar bill.

Then as an especial mark of esteem and appreciation of his heroism in a crisis Sellers was permitted to tell another story which he did in this wise:

A bride's mother presented her with a check on Christmas Day. With a feeling of the utmost importance she took it down to the

bank in which her husband had opened an account for her. The cashier took the check, then handed it back politely, saying:

"Will you please endorse it, madam?"

"Endorse it?" repeated the bride, puzzled.

"Yes, across the back, you know," replied the man, too busy to notice her bewilderment.

The bride carried the check to a desk, laid it face downward, and nibbled the end of a pen thoughtfully. Then an inspiration came. Dipping the pen, she wrote triumphantly across the back: "For Fanny, from Mother, Christmas, 1906."

P. S.—To Charlie Abbott,

Governor's Island—or wherever.

Dear Charlie—I have faithfully recorded herein every wheeze I heard on my last trip. The bet, I believe, was fifty plunks. Don't be in a hurry to send it, but when we meet have your pocketbook in your hand.

With all good wishes,

I am yours to the finish,

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ber of the same social set as the popular hero of the New York slums. Mr. Henry moves on a higher plane, he uses good English—mostly in tart superlatives—and his associates are of a high social scale.

Mr. Henry's adventures as he describes them here will make you wonder and make you laugh.

His book abounds in bon-mots of slang; of the kind you hear in the theatres when the end-men, comedians and monologuists are at their wittiest and best, when they revel in mad and merry extravagances of speech and experience.

It is an art to use street-talk with force and terseness, and although it isn't the most elegant phase of the Queen's English it nevertheless impresses to the Queen's taste. Hugh McHugh has this art."—*Philadelphia Item*.

"John Henry" is only one of the numerous young men who are treating the public to the latest slang through the medium of print nowadays, but he, unlike most of the others, is original in his phrases, has the strong support of the unexpected in his humor and causes many a good laugh. For one thing, he merely tries to make fun, wisely avoiding the dangers of tediousness

in endeavoring to utter immature wisdom in the language of the brainless.

"The author, Hugh McHugh, is thought to be Mr. George V. Hobart. Certain it is that the writer is a Baltimorean, past or present; the local references evidence that. In some places the expressions have the Hobart ring to them. But if Mr. Hobart did write the stories, he has done his best work of the kind yet."—*Baltimore Herald*.

"The humor is of the spontaneous sort that runs close to truth, and it affords many a hearty laugh."—*Cleveland World*.

"As a study in slang it surpasses anything since the days of 'Artie.'"—*The Rocky Mountain News*.

"Written in the choicest slang."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"John Henry." A regular side-splitter, and as good as "Billy Baxter."—*New York Press*.

"It is as good as any of the books of its kind, better than most of them, and is funny without being coarse."—*Portage Register*.

“I’m from Missouri” fully kept up the reputation of the John Henry books. From the day it was published, for six months following, there was no let-up in the popular demand for it.

**CONTENTS OF
“I’M FROM MISSOURI.”**

JOHN HENRY MAKES A CHOICE.

JOHN HENRY MAKES A STATEMENT.

JOHN HENRY MAKES A SPEECH.

JOHN HENRY MAKES A COMPACT.

JOHN HENRY MAKES A NOTE.

JOHN HENRY MAKES A HOLIDAY.

JOHN HENRY MAKES A MAYOR.

"John Henry in the rôle of campaign manager as he appears in 'I'm from Missouri,' is the same breezy, unconventional, amusing personage we have known in years past. He always keeps abreast of the times, in the very van, in truth. His language is up to date, he gathers no moss, he is always doing and saying the unexpected, and somehow he always manages to win out. The book is full of fun and cannot fail to make many new friends for the inimitable John Henry and his wife, Clara J., or Peaches."—*Newark Evening News*.

"A quantity of choice and original slang is poured forth in a bewildering stream in this, the seventh, volume of 'John Henry,' whose author bids fair to rival she of the 'Elsie' books in his penchant for clinging to one character. The description of the hero's trials with the various cooks and the burlesque directions for running an automobile are mildly amusing. Here is a sample: 'I gave him his final instructions. Now, Uncle Peter, I said, grab that wheel in front of you firmly with both hands and put one foot on the accelerator. Now, put the other foot on the rheostat and let the left elbow gently rest on the deodizer. Keep the rubber tube connecting with the auto-

matic fog-whistle closely between the teeth, and let the right elbow be in touch with the quadruplex, while the apex of the left knee is pressed over the spark-coil and the right ankle works the condenser. Start the driving wheels, repeat slowly the name of your favorite coroner and leave the rest to fate!’”—*The Designer*.

“‘I’m from Missouri’ presents John Henry as campaign manager for ‘Uncle Pete,’ who is running for mayor against ‘Uncle William,’ backed by ‘Bunch.’ The reappearance of these well-known characters brings joy to the hearts of the laughter-loving public, and as a political satirist the author wins out once more. Most funny men lose their originality, but Hugh McHugh is ever ready with something new. He is slangy and thoroughly up-to-date, but never coarse.”—*Bookseller, Newsdealer and Stationer*.

“Those who enjoy the John Henry books may count upon a most enjoyable evening when reading No. 7 of the series, just out. As a story this is the best of the seven, and in quaint conceptions and expressions it is fully as clever as any of its six predecessors.”—*Four-Track News*.

"I NEED THE MONEY" was a big winner from the jump. The interest taken in the Series of "John Henry" books by the general public is really remarkable.

CONTENTS OF
'I NEED THE MONEY.'

JOHN HENRY'S PAL.

JOHN HENRY'S PLAN.

JOHN HENRY'S PICNIC.

JOHN HENRY'S PLUNGE.

JOHN HENRY'S PIPE.

JOHN HENRY'S PILGRIMS.

JOHN HENRY'S PIE.

What the Critics Say.

The author of "I Need the Money," the new "John Henry" book, who is George V. Hobart, a former Baltimore newspaper man, is, beyond doubt, one of the most popular of modern slang humorists; more so, probably, than Ade, and with his "Dinkelspiel" stuff almost as much as Dunne.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

George V. Hobart, the New York journalist, is a versatile humorist. As "Dinkelspiel" he is an irresistibly funny German, full of philosophy but hopelessly tangled in his rhetoric. As the author "John Henry" and other humorous productions he has been an acute man of the street and of the rapid avenues of life with all the up-to-dateness of slang that is one of the chief concomitants of such worldly wisdom. Mr. Hobart therefore has strings enough to his bow to warrant the prediction that he will wear much longer than the average funny man has lasted under the strain of humor to order. The G. W. Dillingham Company has just issued a volume of "Eppy Grams by Dinkelspiel" that is full of laugh from cover to cover, and another "John Henry" book, entitled "I Need the Money," in which readers can find delight in Mr. Hobart's humor in the other vein. The pages of the "Dinkelspiel" book are brightened with borders of red, and the other book is illustrated.

—*Milwaukee Wisconsin*.

Down The Line With John Henry⁹⁶
is the second of the "John Henry"
books and quickly followed its pre-
decessor along the highroad of
success.

The story of "John Henry at the
Races"⁹⁷ in "Down The Line" has
already grown to be a Classic in
Slang. It is brimful of human
nature and is amusing in the high-
est degree.

CONTENTS OF "DOWN THE LINE."

JOHN HENRY AT THE RACES.

JOHN HENRY AND THE DRUMMERS

JOHN HENRY IN BOHEMIA.

JOHN HENRY AND THE HOTEL CLERK.

JOHN HENRY AND THE BENZINE BUGGY.

JOHN HENRY AT THE MUSICALS.

JOHN HENRY PLAYS GOLF

